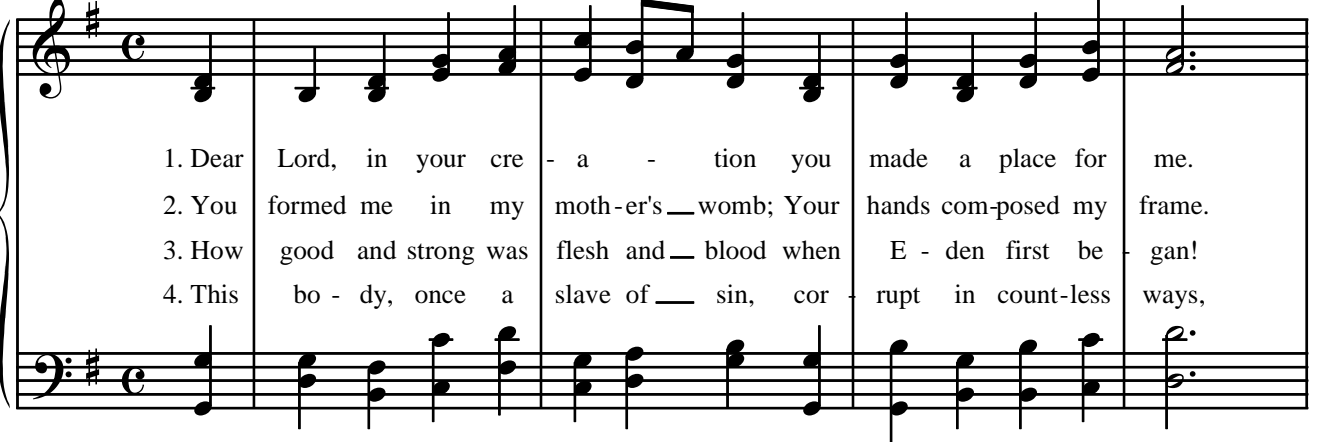


Dear Lord, in Your Creation

Michael Thom

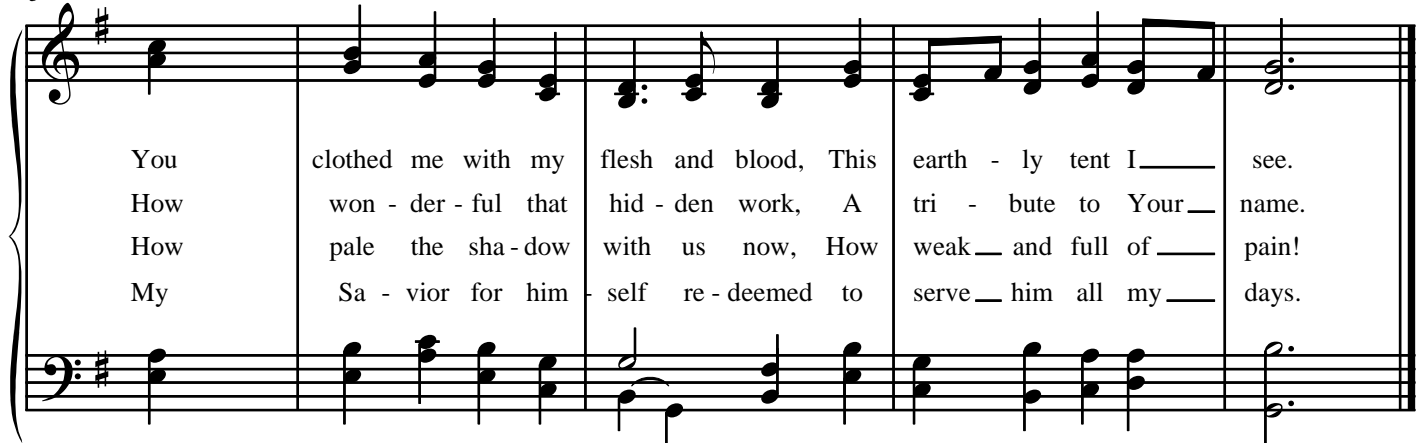
$\text{♩} = 107$

Piano



1. Dear Lord, in your cre - a - tion you made a place for me.
2. You formed me in my moth-er's __womb; Your hands com-posed my frame.
3. How good and strong was flesh and __blood when E - den first be - gan!
4. This bo - dy, once a slave of __sin, cor - rupt in count-less ways,

5



You clothed me with my flesh and blood, This earth - ly tent I ____ see.
How won - der - ful that hid - den work, A tri - bute to Your __name.
How pale the sha-dow with us now, How weak __and full of __pain!
My Sa - vior for him - self re - deemed to serve __him all my __days.

5. Within this ransomed body now
His Holy Spirit dwells;
The glory of his truth and grace
This sacred temple fills.

7. Soon, soon, I must put off this tent
And leave it in its grave;
And yet my flesh will rest in hope
Of Jesus' pow'r to save.

6. To righteousness I now present
My head and heart and hands;
My ev'ry member now is his,
To follow his commands.

8. Though sin's corruption creeps upon
This fragile lump of clay,
A sure redemption waits my flesh
On that triumphant day.

9. How lowly is this body now,
How glorious it will be!
Conformed to Christ and free from sin
For all eternity!